

The Smoker.

A New Song. To the Tune of the Black Joke.

I.

If Busines and Care should incumbē and vex ye,
Should Love disappoint, or shou'd Women perplex ye ;
What Refuge compar'd to a Song or a Joke. [Da Capo.]
From the Pipe's modell'd Clay such sweet Fragrance delights,
It lengthens our Days, and improves all our Nights.
No Pleasure like *smoking* can mortals approve.
'Tis the Signet of Heaven, and Jupiter's Love ;
And GREEN's to be sure is the best you can *smoke*.

II.

Aye, GREEN's !—to be sure—says a smoker of old,
In faith. 'tis the best, Sir, as ever was told.
Then Landlord here give him an Order I pray.
Why, Sir, I'm engag'd—Engag'd ! Cries the smoker ;
Why George is a longster, a smoker and joker :
Oh ho ! is he so ! says the Landlord so true,
He shall send in a Box—ay, let him send two :
And the Cole shall be sure when he comes by this Way.

III.

Your Sky Parlour Merchants let smokers despise,
Who'd chew or who'd smoke their *Mundungus* that's wise ?
I appeal to choice Spirits of Humour and Name,
Let others endeavour to shove off their Ware,
'Tis bringing poor Publicans into a Snare ;
And that, my good Fellows, you'll say is not right,
For Publicans ought for to get something by't ;
And GEORGE's will bring you both Profit and Fame.

IV.

He has left his FOUR MISSES, and cleaves to his Wife :
So he's right if he ever was yet in his Life ;
Tho' his FROLICKS have cost him some Money they say :
Then bring me a Paper of GEORGE's so good,
It refreshes the Spirits and cleanses the Blood.
'Tis a Nostrum divine no Physician can boast,
Then we'll first have a Song, and the next have a Toast.
And let GREEN's TRINIDAD your Voices employ.

N. B. To prevent Mistakes, to be paid on Delivery.



